

The Very Rev. Dean Fremantle

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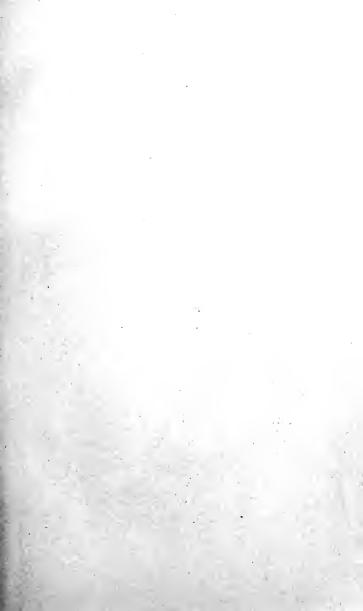
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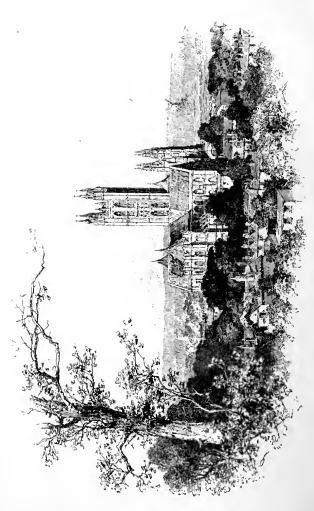
Alice C. Flenck, 1901.



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By

The Hon, and Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle D.D.

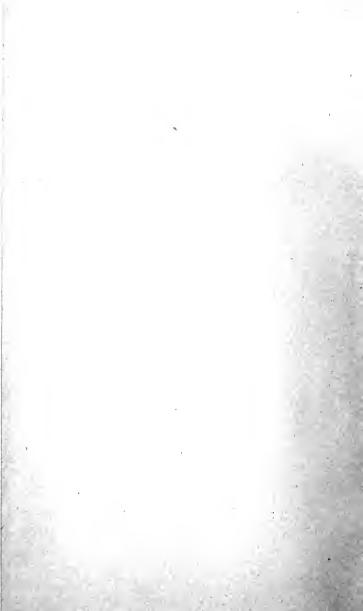
Dean of Ripon

Illustrated by W. Lapworth

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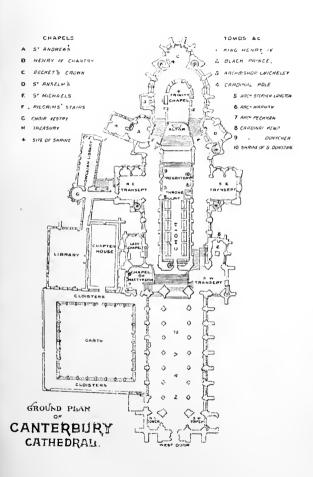




THE Metropolitical City is visited each year by increasing crowds of pilgrims from the surrounding summer resorts. Its interest increases with the increasing study of history, and from time to time new discoveries are made which throw fresh light upon its antiquities or architecture. We propose to touch chiefly upon the most salient points of interest, lingering for a moment upon the recent accessions to our knowledge.

At the time when Canterbury first comes before the eye of the historian, it had ceased to be the Roman Dorovernum, the existence

of which is now attested only by the numerous Roman bricks, some even in the walls of the Cathedral, and had become the Burgh or Bury of the men of Kent. It is not quite certain on which side of it Augustin entered it: he had met King Ethelbert in Thanet, and the entrance from Thanet is from the north, on which side also is Staplegate where the King allowed the monks to settle. But it is generally assumed that he approached the city from the east over St. Martin's Hill, from the northern side of which our principal sketch is taken. The foundations of St. Martin's Church and the lower part of its walls, which are Roman, stood in 596 as they stand in 1891; and they were the walls of the little church which had been given to the Christian Queen Bertha and her chaplain Bishop Luithart by her pagan husband King Ethelbert. When Augustin passed towards the city, as described by the Venerable Bede, with his little procession headed by the monk carrying a board on which was





a rough picture of Christ, and a chorister bearing a silver cross, his heart, no doubt, beat high with hope: but his hope would have grown into exultation could he have looked forward through the centuries, and beheld the magnificent Cathedral which was to spring up where his episcopal throne was fixed, and the energetic and varied Christian life which has issued from this first home of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. To us the scene is full of historical recollections. Between the place where we are standing and the Cathedral are the city walls, on the very site which they occupied in the days of Ethelbert, and the postern-gate through which Queen Bertha came each day to her prayers; in the nearer distance, a little to the right of the Cathedral, are the remains of the great abbey which Augustin founded; to our left is the Pilgrims' Way, by which, after Becket's canonisation, those who landed at Dover made their way to the shrine of St. Thomas.

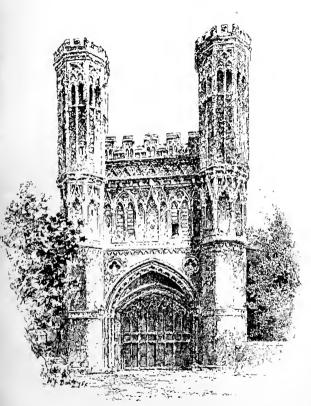
· The eye glances over the valley of the Stour, enclosed between the hill on which we are placed and that of St. Thomas, crowned by the fine buildings of the St. Edmund's (Clergy Orphan) School; and ranges from Harbledown (Chaucer's "little town under the Blean veleped Bob-up-and-Down") on the left to the Jesuit College at Hale's Place on the right; and thence down the valley to Fordwich, where formerly the waters of the Stour joined those of the Wantsome, the estuary separating Thanet from the mainland. This town at the Domesday epoch was a port with flourishing mills and fisheries. There the Caen stone was landed to build the Cathedral, and the tuns of wine from the monks' vineyards in France were lifted out of the ships by the mayor's crane. For the use of this crane forty shillings a year continued to be paid by the monks, and their successors the Dean and Chapter, for some four centuries after Fordwich had ceased to be a port—an anachronism only paralleled

by the fact that Fordwich, now a village of a hundred and fifty people, returned two members to Parliament till 1832, and was under the jurisdiction of its own mayor and corporation till 1886: the memorials of which facts—the handsome mace, the election drums, the bar, the jury-room, the prison for malefactors, and the ducking-stool for scolds—may still be seen, most of them in the queer little wood-and-plaster court-house which is believed to have been built in the reign of Queen Mary.

We pass down towards the great city, leaving on the right the county prison—an eyesore on which Ruskin's wrath has been justly vented—and the infirmary, in the grounds of which are the ruins of the old church of St. Pancras (a church originally built by Augustin, and named by him after Pancratius, the Roman martyr boy), with its foundations—those of a Roman temple or church—and its walls composed of Roman bricks; and, passing the cemetery-gate of

the great abbey, now turned into Monastery House, and along under the chapel and the dining-hall, formerly the guest-room of the abbey, we stand in front of the great gateway of St. Augustin's.

We can but glance at the history of the institution, first, as a centre of learning where Greek was first taught in England under Archbishop Theodore (673-708), a native of Tarsus, the city of St. Paul and of the Stoic University; then as one of the centres of the English missionary energy by which the Gospel was carried in the eighth and ninth centuries into Frisia and Germany; then as a great abbey, with its noble Norman church, and fine tower, commonly called Ethelbert's Tower, its abbot sitting in the House of Lords, and its wealth which was an object of a king's jealousy, as described in the well-known "Ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury"; then, after the dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII., as a hunting-box for the King (there is a



St. Augustine's Church Gateway



picture in the dining-hall of a stag-hunt among the ruins); then, in a phase of deeper degradation, as a tea-garden, with the Tower of Ethelbert tottering and decaying, and at last, in 1822, levelled with the ground by the aid of a battering ram and two cannon; the wall of the Norman abbey patched up to form a racquet-court, and the room above the great gateway turned into a brewer's vat; and lastly, since 1848, a Missionary College. The gateway has survived all changes from the day when, in the thirteenth century, it stood forth as a choice specimen of Decorated Gothic, till the present day, when it has undergone a timely restoration, the ancient lines being exactly preserved.

But it is time that we go on into the Cathedral Precincts. Making use of a canon's key, we pass, by Queen Bertha's Postern, through the old city walls, along a piece of the ancient Queningate Lane—the only part now remaining of the reserved space between the walls of the city and the

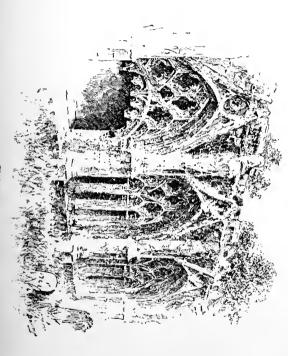
Precincts, along which the citizens and troops could pass freely for purposes of defence: through the Bowling Green, where the tower of Prior Chillenden is seen to have been used for a pigeon-house in the eighteenth century, into the Cathedral Yard. In so doing we pass under a Norman archway of the date of Lanfranc and the Conqueror, which formerly stood in a wall running from St. Anselm's Chapel to the garden wall opposite, and separating the cemetery of the monks from that of the laity; then along the south side of the Cathedral, passing Anselm's Chapel, and the beautiful Norman tower attached to the south-eastern transept, with its elaborate tracery, which shows how delicate Norman work could be; then observing, in the canon's garden on the left, the mound made by the soil dug out in the construction of the crypt, on which stood a campanile where the bell tolled for funerals, and the stable loft on the site where the monastery school stood, the forerunner of the present

King's School; past the south porch, over which is a bas-relief of the altar where the sword of Becket's murderer was preserved; and round, past the western door, into the cloister.

The cloister occupies the same space as the Norman cloister built by Lanfranc, but of the Norman work only a doorway remains at the north-east corner; there is some Early English arcading on the north side, but the present tracery and fan-worked roof belong to the end of the fourteenth century, when Archbishops Sudbury, Arundell, and Courtenay, and Prior Chillenden (1390-1411), rebuilt the nave, the cloister, and the chapterhouse. The later work cuts across the older in the most unceremonious way, as is seen especially in the square doorway by which we shall presently enter the "Martyrdom," the lines of which cross a far more beautiful portal of the Decorated period. If we take our stand at the north-west corner of the cloister, from which a very fine view is

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gained of the Cathedral, especially about sunset, we may picture to ourselves the life of the monks. Above the north-eastern side of the cloister are the old Norman arches of their dormitory, now taken in to the new library; on the eastern side is the chapterhouse, with its fine geometrical ceiling, where they transacted their business; on the south the great church, the services of which occupied so many hours of each day. At the centre of the north side are two arches wider than the rest, as shown in the sketch, under which runnels of water were conducted from a fountain close by, to enable them to wash their faces and hands before dinner; and opposite to these is the door through which they passed to the refectory. The hours not consumed in church or chapter, in dormitory or refectory, were all passed in the cloister itself: there they walked and sat and talked, and read the books which were given them as a kind of task; there they heard the scanty news and



Cloisters

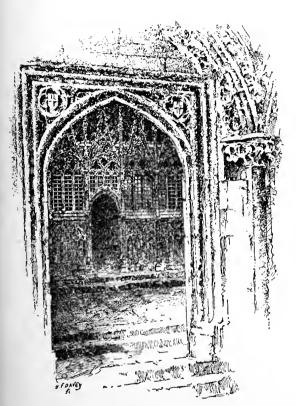


gossiped over it; there they wrote, if the temperature which reached them through the unglazed tracery permitted writing. Ordericus Vitalis, the monkish historian, at the beginning of one winter in his cloister in Normandy, says, "The weather is so cold that my fingers have become stiff, and I must cease writing until the spring." No wonder that the monk's life was accounted harder than the soldier's, and that they were very shortlived. It was reckoned that each of them must spend some three days every month in the infirmary, to which a Norman passage conducts from the east side of the cloister.

If from the place at which we have in imagination been standing, at the north-west corner of the cloister, we look for a moment behind us, we see in the wall a blocked-up door with a curious hole at the side of it. The hole is said to have been made in order to pass bottles and other articles through from the cellarer's lodgings, which were on

the other side of the wall. The doorway was the entrance from the Archbishop's Palace, which occupied the space a little farther to the west; and through it Becket passed out to his death, on the 29th of December, 1170.

The knights, who had come to England to force the Archbishop to a change of policy on pain of death, had held a violent altercation with him in his palace. They complained of the act which had thrown their master, King Henry II., into a paroxysm of fury, namely, that, on returning to England after a reconciliation with the King, the Archbishop had at once reopened the quarrel by excommunicating the bishops who had, at the King's desire, taken part in the coronation of his son as his colleague on the throne. Becket had refused all concession, and the knights left him in great wrath. Soon after it was reported that they were arming in an orchard at the west of the cathedral, and the Archbishop's friends urged



Place of Martyrdom



him against his will to take refuge in the church. They were hardly able, even by the bluntest words, to shake the combined courage, obstinacy, and fatalism by which he was possessed; and they had to drag and even carry him along the north and east sides of the cloister to the door of the Cathedral represented in the drawing. When the door was closed, he reopened it to let in the cowering monks, notwithstanding that the knights. were already entering the cloister. "God's house," he said, "shall not be turned into a castle." He refused to go to the high altar, or down into the crypt, where he might have been safe, but stood on the steps leading up to the aisle, the arrangement of which was different from that now existing. The knights, having come along the south side of the cloister, passed through the door into the transept, where the darkness of five o'clock on a December day was but slightly relieved by the light at the shrine of St. Benedict, then occupying the space where the stone screen oppo-

site the doorway now stands. "Where is the traitor? Where is the Archbishop?" they cried. "I am here," answered Becket, "Archbishop and Priest of God, but no traitor." "Then absolve the bishops," they retorted; and so the altercation proceeded, with violent words on both sides. They dragged him down from the steps to the floor of the transept, wishing to remove him from the church and thus avoid the charge of sacrilege; but he placed his back against a pillar, which then supported a chapel on a higher level, dedicated to St. Blaise, and taking one of the knights in his arms flung him down in his armour upon the pavement. The others rushed upon him, and he was felled by their blows. Then he knelt on the floor and commended his soul to the saints, saying that he died in the Church's cause; and the last blows which were dealt him severed the whole crown of the head from the rest, and spilled the brains upon the stones. The knights then fled;

and, after rifling the palace, made their way back to Saltwood Castle, near Hythe, whence they had started in the morning.

Their deed had very opposite effects from their intention. They themselves, indeed, did not suffer; but the cause for which they committed the crime was depressed for nearly four centuries. Henry had to do penance, and practically to concede the clerical immunities for which Becket had contended; and Becket became a saint, "the holy, blissful martyr," himself the worker of a thousand miracles, and his shrine the goal of pilgrimages from all parts of England and of Europe. But, whatever we may think of his claim to saintship, his death was certainly the making of Canterbury and its Cathedral. Four years after Becket's death the choir was burnt down (1174); but the treasure which was poured into the martyr's church enabled the monks to rebuild it in its present grander proportions; and the city, which before was

insignificant, became wealthy, populous, and renowned.

The crypt was the first place of Becket's interment, and into the crypt we now pass. The column which is figured in the drawing at p. 31, stands under St. Anselm's chapel. Its fantastic fluting is probably due to Italian influence, both Anselm and his predecessor Lanfranc having been natives of Italy. The capital of the column is filled with grotesques —a concert of the beasts, who are playing on various instruments—and the vaulting above it retains some of the original painting (twelfth century), and also the great rose, combining the red petals of Lancaster with the white of York, which was placed at the crown of all the arches by Archbishop Morton, when he decorated the crypt in the reign of Henry VII. The dark chapel of St. Gabriel close by, which can only be entered by special leave, shows, when lighted up, remarkable frescoes of the twelfth century, depicting the nativity of our Lord,





and of the Baptist, and other subjects, which are still for the most part in good preservation.

The tomb in the crypt, represented on page 31, is that of Isabel, Countess of Atholl, who owned the castle of Chilham, five miles from Canterbury, in the reign of Edward I. (d. 1292). Beyond it, on the left, was the shrine of the Virgin, with its silver statue, the elaborate tracery of its screens, and the unparalleled wealth of its votive offerings; and not far off, in the south aisle, the tomb of Cardinal Morton, with its historical emblems, the crown and united rose, the cardinal's hat, the portcullis of the House of Lancaster, and the punning representation of the name, the Mort (or hawk) and Tun. Further, beyond the Countess of Atholl's tomb, the crypt is much loftier, and becomes almost a church in itself. This is the part beyond the apse of the original Cathedral, the place of Becket's first burial, where Henry II. did penance (on July 12, 1174,

only seven weeks before the great fire), passing the night in fasting, and in the morning baring his back and receiving three lashes from each of the monks. Here the miracles began to be wrought, and the "Tumba," even after its contents were removed, was still reckoned a holy place. The present lofty crypt was built over and round the Tumba after the great fire of 1174; and, some forty years after its completion and that of the Trinity Chapel over it, the remains of Becket were translated by Stephen Langton, with great pomp, to the shrine prepared for them in the sanctuary above.

About the year 1889 there was found, near the spot where the Tumba was originally placed, a short stone coffin, into which were huddled the bones of a full-grown man, the skull showing some marks of violence. The theory was immediately formed that these were the bones of Becket himself, but the evidence appears to be unfavourable to this

theory. It is believed that a decree was made, on the demolition of Becket's shrine, that his bones should be burned; but attention has been recently called to some notes by William Thomas, Clerk of the Council under Edward VI., intended for the basis of a political sermon in which the preacher would have declared that the bones had not been burned, but had been buried "in a noble tower;" this expression, however, being erased. It is certain that the demolition of the shrine was carried out very hurriedly, and it is possible that some zealous monk may have taken the bones and have buried them in the crypt below. On the other hand, there are contemporary statements to show that they were burned; the marks on the skull do not correspond with the accounts given by eye-witnesses of the blow from which Becket died; and it is hardly credible that, if the bones were buried, the fact should not have been known in the reign of Mary, or that, if this was

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known, they should not, like those of St. Frideswide at Oxford, have been exhumed, and become again the object of veneration.

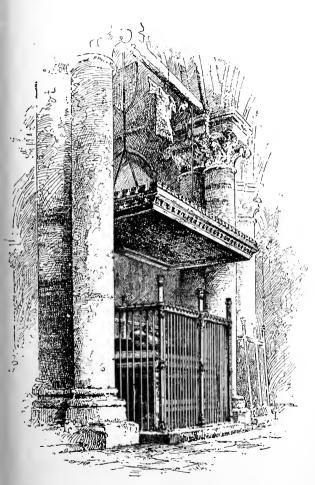
The position of the shrine in the chapel above, at the side of which the tomb of the Black Prince was subsequently placed, is clearly marked. The pavement in the centre of the Trinity Chapel (the part east of the screen) is very rough, being composed of the stones which formed the steps and pavement of the shrine; but the marble pavement round it is still as it was when the shrine was standing, and a perceptible line marks the impress of the pilgrims' feet as they stood in a row to see the treasures. The shrine stood upon a platform approached by three marble steps, some stones of which, grooved by the pilgrims' knees, are still seen in the flooring. The platform was paved with mosaic and medallions, specimens of which may still be seen in the present pavement. Above this platform was the chased and gilded coffin of

the saint, supported by two arches, which were hung with votive offerings of extreme richness, and through one of which sick persons were allowed to pass, so that by rubbing themselves against the stones they might draw forth virtue from the relics of the saint. The whole was covered with an oaken case richly decorated, which, at a given signal from the monk whom Erasmus styles the mystagogus or master of the mysteries, was drawn up and revealed the riches within to the wondering gaze of the pilgrims.

In the painted windows of the chapel are the records of the miracles wrought by the intercession of St. Thomas: here, a dead man being carried out to burial is raised; there, the parents of a boy who has been drowned in the attempt to catch frogs in the river are informed of their loss by his companions with eager gestures, and he too is restored to life; and in each case offerings of gold and silver are poured upon the shrine: the madman is seen coming back in his right mind;

"Amens accedit, Sanus recedit": and on several occasions the saint himself comes on the scene to heal the sick man upon his bed, in one case flying forth from the shrine in his episcopal robes. The worship of Becket was the favourite cultus of the unreformed Church of England; yet, strange to tell, from the day when Henry gave orders to demolish the shrine, and to expunge his name from all the service books and his memorials from all the churches, no one seems to have thought anything more about him. The blow which, to adapt the language of the Old Testament, "destroyed Becket out of Israel," though violent, was timely.

The Black Prince, whose wife was the Fair Maid of Kent, founded two chantries in the crypt or undercroft in recognition of the Pope's dispensation enabling him to marry his cousin. These now form the French Church where the descendants of the Walloon and Huguenot refugees still worship in the forms of their ancestors; and



Tomb of the Black Prince



the continuance of a Presbyterian service in an Anglican cathedral for more than three centuries is a special and honourable feature of Canterbury. The Black Prince had desired to be buried below; but, partly from the special devotion which he had to the Trinity, partly that so great a man might have the place of honour, his tomb was erected at the side of Becket's shrine. He left to the church of Canterbury his velvet coat embroidered with lions and lilies, his ornamental shield, his lion-crested helmet, his sword and his gauntlets, all of which still hang above his bronze effigy, except the sword, which is said to have been removed by Cromwell, and of which only part of the scabbard remains. The effigy is believed to be a good likeness. It was placed upon the tomb where the body lies soon after his death, which occurred on the 8th of June, 1376, the feast of the Trinity, as recorded in the inscription in the French of his own Aquitaine. The Prince of Wales's

feathers and the lions and lilies, with the Prince's two mottoes, "Ich diene" (I serve), and "Houmout" (High Courage), form the ornaments of the tomb, which is also surrounded by some French verses chosen by the Prince himself, and describing the vanity of earthly glory.

A little to the east of the Black Prince's tomb, but on the south side of the aisle, beneath the window, is a tomb which was long a mystery to all inquirers. Many conjectures had been made as to its contents; and the absence of all certainty, and the notion, derived from its shape and from the numerous effigies on its covering stone, that it was a shrine or reliquary rather than a tomb, seemed to justify the opening of it, which was effected in December 1889. Within were found the remains of an archbishop, since identified as Hubert Walter (d. 1205), the warrior prelate and Crusader, who was elected in the camp at Acre, and who kept the realm for his master, Richard

Cœur de Lion, and raised the ransom for his release. He was clad in his robes, with a long silken undergarment and leathern leggings. All that was of linen had disappeared, but the silk, the leather, and the embroidery, which was very rich about the neck, remained; and the crozier of cedar wood was perfect, as also the cup and paten, and the ring with its strange Gnostic emblem of Chnuphis, the serpent-god, with sun-rays about his head, the Egyptian Æsculapius, the giver of health. These relics were not put back when the tomb was re-closed, and they are exhibited in a case which stands in the chantry of Henry IV. on the opposite side of the Trinity Chapel.

Coming to the extreme east end, we notice the Enthronement Chair, which is placed in the centre of the circular chapel called Becket's Crown. This chair, which is sometimes called the chair of St. Augustin, but which belongs to the thirteenth century, is composed of three massive blocks of Purbeck

marble. In it each successive archbishop for the last six hundred years has sat when he has been admitted to his metropolitical functions. Here have sat Peckham, the bold defier of Edward I., and Bradwardine the Schoolman; Sudbury, who was decapitated in Wat Tyler's insurrection; Courtenay, the foe of Wycliffe, whose tomb is next to that of the Black Prince, his friend: Arundel, the persecutor of the Lollards; Chichele, who persuaded Henry V. to make war with France so as to draw away the attention of the country from the Lollard schemes for the confiscation of clerical property; Warham, and Cranmer, and Pole, the representatives of opposite sides in the Reformation struggle; the ill-starred Laud, the liberal Tillotson, and the whole succession of primates down to Sumner, Tait, Benson, and Temple—men ancient and modern, Romanist and Protestant, clericalist and liberal, statesmen, chancellors, and ecclesiastics, showing the continuity and the variety of the English



The Enthronement Chair



Primacy, and giving us a good hope that it will know in the future, as in the past, how to adapt itself to the ever-changing needs of the nation.

Opposite to the Black Prince's tomb, across the chapel, is the tomb of King Henry IV. and his wife, Joan of Navarre, and on the other side of the aisle the chantry erected by him, where "twy priestes" sang for the repose of his soul continually till the time of Henry VIII., when the endowment was appropriated to the support of twelve bedesmen who still remain. Next to the tomb of Henry IV. is, the monument of Wotton, the ecclesiastical diplomatist who, on the suppression of the monastery, became the first Dean; and opposite to this, on the south, is the plain structure of plastered brick erected over the remains of Odet de Coligny, brother of the Admiral of France, who, though being prince, bishop, cardinal and inquisitor, adopted the Protestant opinions, and was a married man, and came to seek the aid of

Elizabeth in the civil war that was impending. The mission had some success; but, as he was staying on his return journey at Canterbury in the guest house, now a canon's residence, beyond the east end of the Cathedral, he was poisoned, as was believed, by his servants; his body was laid on the pavement and the temporary structure erected over it in the expectation that it would soon be carried into France; but in the troubles of the civil war it remained unnoticed.

We descend now to the south aisle of the choir by steps worn by the knees of the pilgrims, and reach, on our left, St. Anselm's Tower, which formed part of the choir of Prior Ernulf (about 1308) and was set on obliquely to the apse. It survived the fire of 1174, and, in the rebuilding, the choir aisle (which, if carried on straight, would have gone through the tower), had to be deflected, thus producing a narrowing in of the fabric, which gives it a special character as seen

from the interior of the choir. If we enter St. Anselm's Tower, and stand at the southern corner of the apse, tracing its Norman arcading and curious roof, we see on the northern part of the wall the painting of St. Paul shaking off the viper into the fire. If we ask why that painting stands alone, and why the stencilling near it is unfinished, a curious piece of architectural history discloses itself. In the changes necessitated by the fire of 1174, it was necessary to minimise the process of narrowing in just described, and for this purpose to remove a part of the wall where the tower joins the aisle. It would seem that at that time the painting within had been begun, when an alarm was given that the wall had been made too thin. To obviate this danger, a cross-wall was built from the pillar on the north side of the apse across to the centre of the east window, which it bisected. When the chapel was restored in the year 1888 this wall was removed so as to show the circle of

the arcading, and the painting, which had been concealed for 700 years, was revealed in its primitive brightness. The chapel originally contained the remains of St. Anselm, its founder, which, however, were lost in the confusion ensuing on the great fire of 1174. The Schoolman, Archbishop Bradwardine who died (1349) in the Black Death, a few weeks after his consecration, was buried close to the south wall, under the great window. The marble tomb across the entrance is that of Archbishop Meopham (1328–33).

Passing now into the aisle, we may notice in the south wall a red tinge, which is the mark of the great fire; and a cornice on which the arches of the aisle of Conrad's choir were based. In the south transept we may study the manner in which Conrad's work was pieced in with the new work after the fire—observe especially the contrast between the small Norman arches of the triforium windows with the sharp-pointed

lancets introduced above. It was at the junction of the transept on its south side with the aisle that the architect, William of Sens, fell from the clerestory, and received such injuries that he had to leave the rest of the work to his pupil, William the Englishman.

We now pass into the choir itself. The tomb to our right on entering, with its fine wooden canopy, is that of Cardinal Kemp (1452-54), and next to this that of Abbot Stratford (1442-52), then, that of Simon of Sudbury, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler's men in 1381; his body lies in this tomb, with a lump of lead instead of a head; the real head, after being carried about London on a pike, was sent to Sudbury, in Suffolk, where he had founded a college, and where it can still be seen. Between the two last-named tombs is the beautiful diaper work which was at the back of the shrine of Dunstan. Opposite, on the north side, is the lofty tomb of Cardinal

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Bourchier, who held the see during five reigns and crowned Edward IV., Richard III. and Henry VII. Next to him is the effigy of Howley (1828–48); and then, in his painted tomb, Archbishop Chichele. The original painting has been kept up in successive generations by All Souls College in Oxford, which he founded as an expiation for having caused the war with France, made notable by Agincourt and by Joan of Arc, the Fellows of the College being bound to pray for the soul of their founder and of all who fell in the French wars.

The stone screen round the choir is the work of Prior Henry d'Estria (of Eastry) in 1290, and the finely carved stalls of black oak at the west end belong to the era of Charles II., the time of Grinling Gibbons, if not actually his work. In the north aisle we have the chapel of St. Andrew, corresponding with that of St. Anselm in the south, in which are some curious remains of mediæval painting; and beyond it the fine Norman

Treasury, above which is a secret chamber only approached by a staircase entered by a door half-way up the wall. Other objects of interest are the desk placed in the wall of the aisle in the time of Henry VIII., to receive the newly translated Bible which all might read; in the north transept the window placed in St. Stephen's Chapel by Dean Stanley (Canon, 1852-58), to commemorate his journey in the East, and the effigy and cenotaph of Archbishop Tait; and in the aisle west of the transept the remains of the curious fresco representing the life of the hunter Saint Eustace, and the fine painted windows of the time of Stephen Langton (1220).

Leaving now the choir aisle, and looking down on the right into the Martyrdom, we turn to the left along the top of the steps which lead to the nave. There we look up to the splendid fan-work under the tower, and notice the cross-pieces of masonry and the thickening of the piers in the nearest

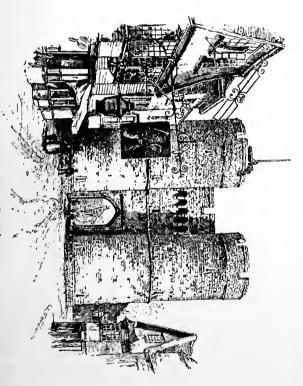
arches of the aisle, by which they are converted into abutments to bear up the weight of the tower. The upper part of this vast pile was substituted at the beginning of the 16th century for the gilded angel which was originally placed above the dwarf-tower; it was the work of Prior Goldstone, whose initials T. P. (Thomas Prior), with three gilded stones between them, are seen on the cross-pieces. We notice in the north transept the glass window placed there by Edward IV., and containing figures of himself and his wife Elizabeth Woodville, his two sons who were murdered in the Tower, and his five daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth of York, by her marriage with Henry VII. united the houses of York and Lancaster. In the opposite window in the south transept, a magnificent specimen of the Perpendicular style, the glass was taken in 1826 from the Norman windows in the choir, and is some 200 years older than the mullions in which it is set. The nave occupies exactly the space taken

up by the old Saxon Cathedral, which was in the basilican form like the old St. Peter's at Rome, from which the design was probably taken.

We leave the Cathedral by the south-west door, and passing to the left along the churchyard on the south side, the old burialplace of the monks, go round the east end, past the tower called Becket's Crown, which has an unfinished appearance. This is caused by the removal, at the end of the Middle Ages, of the original roof, with the intention of adding an extra story, an intention which was frustrated by the dissolution of the monastery. To the east of the Cathedral are three canonical houses dating from early times—that anciently called Master Homer's, from a surveyor of the fourteenth century, the guest house in which Odet de Coligny died; the red brick house, at the entrance of which is the fine traceried window of the infirmary chapel, the house in which Dean Stanley lived when Canon of

Canterbury; and the Archdeaconry, which is formed out of the extra hospital built at the time of the Black Death, about 1350. The arches are those of the monastic infirmary, which bear on the reddened surface of their rough Norman pillars the marks of the great fire of 1174.

Passing through a low archway under the window of what was once the Checker House, the place of business of the monastery, we turn to the right up the dark entry, having on our left the graceful double columns of the infirmary cloister and the fine Norman tank tower of the time of King Stephen, and in front the Prior's lodgings, under which we pass into the Green Court. Here we have on our right the Deanery, a house chiefly of the age of Elizabeth, but containing also the bath-house used by the pilgrims. The north side of the court is taken up by the minor canons' houses, formerly the granary, brewhouse and bakehouse of the monks, the





new tankhouse and the Choristers' School; the south side is occupied by a garden in which were the herbary of the monks and the out-buildings of the great dormitory. The dormitory itself took up the platform on which stands the new library. In the southwest corner of the Green Court is the house of the Archdeacon of Canterbury, formerly the Domus Hospitum, where the chief guests were received. It contains a curious Norman staircase leading up to two rooms anciently so much esteemed as to have received the names of Paradise and Heaven; and in its garden are the remains of the monastic kitchen and refectory. From this house, beyond the wall of the court, runs the ancient Pentisé, or covered way, which led to the Aula Nova at the great gate of the monastery. The Aula Nova was a guest house, of which the lower part remains; the upper part was approached by the beautiful and unique Norman staircase which now leads up to the modern hall used as part of

the King's School. The King's School buildings stand round the ancient Mint Yard used by the archbishops while they had the privilege of coining money. The building on the south side divides the Mint Yard from the area where stood the Archbishop's Palace, of which but a very few fragments remain.

We might go out into the town by the Mint Yard Gate; but shall do better to go back round the Cathedral to its south-west corner. We pass out of the precincts by the Christ Church Gate, still beautiful even in its defacement, and through the narrow Mercery Lane, where stood in old times the booths for the sellers of relics and of the little leaden bottles supposed to contain in their water some drops of St. Thomas's blood; where also stood the Chequers of the Hope, at which Chaucer's Pilgrims regaled themselves, and of which one fragment, marked by the Black Prince's emblem of the lion with protruding tongue, may still be

seen at the corner of the lane; down the High Street, where we pass the old East Bridge Hospital, founded by Lanfranc, endowed by Becket, and saved from confiscation by Cranmer, with its low Norman doorway and the crypt under its hall; and leave the city by the West Gate, which was erected by Archbishop Sudbury on the line where the eastern wall ran along the Stour; and past the Falstaff Inn, where the sign of the roystering old knight hangs out on some beautiful ancient ironwork, and welcomes the cyclists who specially affect his inn; and so on to the South-Eastern Railway Station.

We entered Canterbury on foot with Augustin, we leave it by a modern railway. We have traced the monuments of the past, and the men of many generations. We have reviewed the institutions of days long gone by, their changes, demolition, and reconstruction; and through all we have traced a continuity of life. The glory of England

is its capacity to blend the old with the new, not to destroy but to adapt; to learn from the past, but not to be enslaved by it; to rejoice in modern progress, but to attach it to that which has preceded it. We must judge the men and institutions of old times not with blind admiration, nor with an equally blind contempt, but with a true estimate of their circumstances, and of their position in the development of our history. And, as we perceive a gradual increase in power and in enlightenment, in knowledge, in the arts, in refinement of life, in force of character, in the reality of religion, throughout our past history, so we may look on to the future with the hope that all these blessings will abound more richly still; that the conflicts of the past will be merged in a higher unity, the strife of statesmen and ecclesiastics in a common effort for social and religious good, the monastic discipline in the employment of all we have in the cause of God and man, the rivalry of town

and cathedral in a practical and civic Christianity, our ecclesiastical and political divisions in a fuller brotherhood; and that so the great Church which is the mother of English Christendom may look forth in the ages to come on a world-wide community knit together as one family by true relations, and fostered by the divine and beneficent Power to which her aisles and towers have borne witness through succeeding centuries.



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